

Stalemate

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Summary: What harm can a chess game bring? The loss of Ami's virginity, of course...

Stalemate

STALEMATE ~ A BISHOUJO SENSHI SAILORMOON FANFIC

>written by earth firefly-sama<br>

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>Disclaimers: All characters from Sailormoon portrayed here are not mine <br>and never will be, I am sure. I am just playing with them for a little

>while, and I promise I won't hurt them ^\_^. Anyway, don't sue me if<br>you're some guy from Toei or something like that, 'cause I ain't got

>any money grin. Enjoy the story. I worked hard for it.<br>

>And please excuse me when I use the word :nerd:. I don't mean to insult<br>anybody. I just think Ami is cute described that way. ^\_^

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><br> It was another usual day at the library. Mizuno Ami, with her

>thick glasses on and looking like a cute nerd as usual, was busy<br>stamping people's cards so that she could go home early and get on

>Einstein. She had just gotten the job last summer so that she would have<br>something else to do in her spare time rather than having her nose stuck

>in a computer monitor. The amount of time she spent on the Net worried<br>her, and it was good that she spent her time in a library. She loved

>books just as much as a child would love double scoops of chocolate<br>chip ice cream, with chocolate syrup toppings of course. In other words,

>she was perfect for the job. Her supervisor, the eternally young at<br>heart Miss Winters, was a warm person and basically get along well

>enough with her. Miss Winters had personally dubbed Ami as her

pet<br>librarian, and Ami wasn't exactly NOT flattered. It was nice to have

>Miss Winters treat her as her own daughter. Ami didn't get enough of<br>that at home, but she wasn't blaming anybody.

><br> Especially not her mother. She loved her mother as if she would

>die if she didn't.<br>

> Ami was jerked back to the present when a voice interrupted her<br>thoughts. She realised that she had been working on auto-mode, as if

>she had programmed herself to go on auto-pilot and let her muscles<br>work away while her mind floated towards the other corner of the Milky

>Way. In one hand was someone's library card, and in the other hand<br>was a stamp pad. After a few seconds of blinking and pulling herself

>back to earth, she realised what she had done. Instead of stamping<br>the return date on the slip of paper stuck on the inside cover of the

>book, she had stamped on her hand, and NOT NOTICED IT. A shade of red<br>crept around her nose and she felt her allergies acting up. Boy, was

>she embarrassed, and she looked up to see how serious had the damage<br>been done.

><br> Ugh. Yuck. Not him.

><br> "Not you," she groaned as she saw who it was. She turned her

>attention back to where it was supposed to be and stamped the return<br>date on the card this time. "What are you doing here?"

><br> The person Ami was talking to was obviously a male adolescent

>who had learnt about the nasty by peeking in his older brother's<br>Playboy soon after he started having pimples. He had a grin so big

>it might as well be a naughty smile. He leaned forward on the counter<br>and sniffed at the air as though he suddenly smelt pizza in her

>drawer. "Ami," he said, with a note of amazement in his voice.

"Did<br>you change your shampoo or something? Something about you smells

>great."<br>

> Ami winced. "I know that is supposed to be a compliment, but<br>coming from you, I feel as though I have to feed my dog steroids

>tonight," She paused and handed the book back to him. "You still<br>hadn't answered my question, Shigure."

><br> He spread his arms. "Isn't it obvious? It's time for our chess

>match again. You forgot, Four Eyes,"<br>

> Ami sighed. She had hoped that he would forget, but looks like<br>she was going home late again today. "I didn't forget, Dork. I was

>just wondering what the hell I am doing with a guy like you. I mean,<br>I could do better."

><br> Shigure's face took a change of expression, and Ami was curious.

>On Shigure, the look made him look ridiculous, for he looked serious<br>all of a sudden. He frowned. "Do you really mean that, Ami?"

><br> Ami didn't pay much thought to her reply. "Of course I mean it.

>Now, bug off. You're holding up the line."<br>

> Later, when it was already night and Ami had finished stamping  
<br>the cards and told Miss Winters that she was splitting, she made her

>way over to Shigure who sat on one of the chairs beside the main doors. <br>He always waited for her, every Wednesday, and not because he wanted

>to walk her home or anything romantic like that. She never thought  
<br>that Shigure and her could have that sort of thing going on. To her,

>Shigure was more like an opponent, and it was true. They played chess  
<br>every Wednesday, and every week she killed him one hour into the game.

>But as of late, Shigure was getting pretty good, and it frightened her. <br>It scared her to think what would happen if he were to suddenly beat her.

><br> Obviously there was more to the game than meets the eye.

><br> It wasn't exactly love at first sight the first time Ami met him,

>at least not to her. Ami was only into her second week at the library  
<br>when Shigure walked in and told her that he loved her. Of course, being

>the sensible person she is, she didn't believe him and told him where  
<br>to stuff it. He laughed and said that he meant to take her on a date, and

>they had only introduced each other two minutes earlier. Ami then told him  
<br>to take a hike, but he had challenged her to a chess match and if he won,

>she would have to go out with him. If she won, he would go away. At  
<br>least that's what he said. He still came back, demanding that they play

>again. She went along with him because she didn't see any possibility  
<br>of him winning since she was so good at it. Besides, it would be nice

>to play with someone. She had gotten bored playing both sides of the  
<br>game. Never once did she think that he would beat her in chess.

><br> That was almost six months ago. And she won every time.

><br> But now that Shigure seemed to be improving, she began to get

>worried. For a lot of reasons.<br>

> To name a few, she still wasn't sure of her feelings for him.<br>Sure, at first she was annoyed every time Shigure came to pick her up

>for the game, but as time passed by she found herself looking forward  
<br>to his visits. Ami didn't like that. She'd rather not get into a

>relationship now, not when she was about to graduate and about to enter  
<br>a college. She had ambition and planned to achieve it. She wasn't

>sure if she could handle college AND a boyfriend at the same time.<br>Shigure sure wasn't displaying any signs of letting up, and so she

>kept right on worrying.<br>

> "Where are we playing this time?" Ami asked. "Your place or  
<br>mine?" To a casual observer, she would sound as if she was inviting

>Shigure over to her place to do things best not discussed, but that  
<br>wasn't the case. They always played at weird places like the park (at  
>night), but lately they always played at herhis house. They were  
  
>beginning to act like boyfriendgirlfriend, and Ami regretted even  
  
>asking the question. She preferred the park above everything else,<br>never mind it was night and it was improper to be outside with a guy  
>who obviously had his glands on his brains.<br>  
> Shigure shrugged. "I don't know."<br>  
> Ami was slightly surprised. "You don't know?" He always knew<br>where to go.  
><br> "I thought that maybe we should get something to eat, or  
  
>something," he said, shrugging again. It was to be his habit, Ami<br>noticed. She blinked at him in the dark, but she didn't think he  
>could see her. They had never eaten out together before.<br>  
> "Well, I am kinda hungry--" At that precise moment, Ami's<br>stomach decided to emphasize on her statement by producing an  
>embarrassing growl. <br>  
> He laughed at her. "That's settled it, then. Let's go and<br>have a romantic dinner for two."  
><br> He took her to McDonald's. She wasn't surprised. She had a  
  
>McChicken burger, fries and a tall Coke. He, on the other hand,<br>seemed to be hungrier than she was. He had two Big Macs and Coke.  
>He even helped her to finish her drink. Ami couldn't understand<br>him. He was like one giant baby who looked like he needed his  
>mama all the time and still know enough about the things that could<br>exist between a healthy boy and a female in heat. She had to shake  
>herself at the last thought. She reminded herself that she was not,<br>and will not be one of those, regardless of the remarks Shigure  
>throw at her.<br>  
> "Where do you want to play?" Ami asked, staring at Shigure<br>as he wolfed down his food. Shigure swallowed and gulped down his  
  
>Coke.<br>  
> "Any place in mind?" he asked back, his eyes watching her.<br>  
> They decided to play the game right there, in McDonald's.  
<br>Shigure thought it would be cool to play where everyone could see  
  
>them. Ami interpreted it differently. She knew that Shigure wanted<br>everyone to see that they were together, as in, TOGETHER. But she  
>didn't disagree. She just wanted to finish the game and go back home<br>where she could get some sleep.  
><br> "Take out the board and let's get this over with," Ami muttered.  
><br>\*\*\*\*\*  
><br> Three hours later, we find Ami and Shigure still in McDonald's.  
  
>They were still playing, both pair of eyes intent on the

black-and-white<br>chess board. Ami, in particular, found herself nervous and perspiring  
>even though the joint had air-conditioning. She couldn't believe how<br>Shigure managed to predict her moves, it was almost as if he underwent a  
>massive transformation in the last week and it looked like he could beat<br>her this time. He wore a silly smile on his face, obviously enjoying  
>her anxiety. <br>  
> "You look nervous, child," Shigure said in a mocking tone.<br>  
> "I am not nervous, I am just sleepy," Ami snapped, not exactly<br>lying when she said that she was tired. Shigure moved his one and only  
>rook; a dangerous move considering that he was ridding his king of  
<br>protection. He still had his queen and so did she, and the game seemed  
>like it would never end. <br>  
> "I betcha wanna go home and climb into your bed, right?" Shigure  
<br>said, his eyes again on her face. He was watching her tonight, she  
>wasn't sure, but he did it often. Ami found herself fidgeting under  
<br>his stare.  
><br> "Yes, that's true. I wanna go to bed," she admitted, yawning.

>She moved her rook; it seemed like the wisest thing to do.<br>  
> Shigure smiled at her move. "Can I go to bed with you?" he<br>asked, a bit excitedly.  
><br> Ami had to smile. "No. You still haven't beaten me in this game."  
><br> Shigure was interested. "Are you saying that if I beat you  
>tonight, you'll let me sleep with you?"<br>  
> Ami didn't know what was wrong with her, it must be because<br>she was tired. Or else somebody had spiked her coffee with something.

>She nodded sleepily. "Of course. I won't even protest."<br>  
> There was a REALLY big smile on Shigure's face. "Well, in that<br>case--" He paused while he moved his bishop and attacked her king.  
>"I can't refuse that kind of offer," He looked up at her and raised<br>an eyebrow. "I won."  
><br> Ami had to blink. What did he say? Did he say--no, it can't be.

>She never lost, not to him. He must be joking. But when she looked<br>at her fallen king, she realised that she had indeed lost. She had moved  
>her knight earlier, and somehow she didn't realise that she had<br>allowed Shigure access to her king. Ami couldn't believe it. She had  
>lost. She lost.<br>  
> Ami looked at Shigure.<br>  
> "I-I," she stammered. Shigure laughed at her.<br>  
> "Keep your word, girl. I'll come back next week, same time.<br>Then we'll see what happens," He stood and collected his things.  
>"As of right now, I'll go home and celebrate my victory. I can't<br>believe you did that mistake, Ami. It was too easy."  
><br> Ami managed to get a grip on herself. She felt angry, more at  
>herself than at him. "That's Ami-san to you," she muttered.<br>  
> Shigure grinned. "Whatever you say, honey," He turned and

<br>walked towards the exit. "'Bye!"  
><br> Ami fell back against the seat. She can't believe it.  
><br> Her fear returned like a wham when she remembered the promise  
  
>she had made.<br>  
> She closed her eyes and groaned.<br>  
>\*\*\*\*\*<br>  
> Ami was quiet the next day at school. She didn't exactly feel  
like<br>socialising with anybody today, and kept to herself most of  
the time.  
>She didn't take lunch, disappeared during P.E (which was  
incredible<br>since the teacher always made sure Ami was present for  
her class), and  
>did not materialise during Chemistry. To this Usagi was shocked; Ami  
<br>missed the class as often as Usagi studied willingly, which was  
never.  
>Usagi wasn't embarassed at the simile she just used, but she was  
worried.<br>Ami would never play truant. So that would mean that she  
was at home,  
>possibly ill, and who knows what's wrong with Ami since her own  
mother<br>was hardly home...  
><br> Usagi couldn't help herself. She decided to find Ami before  
  
>calling the hospital to check with Ami's mother.<br>  
> She did find Ami, after a long search. Ami was sitting under  
a<br>tree at the south-end of the building, sipping milk and staring  
at  
>nothing in particular. Usagi approached her slowly. Ami didn't  
turn<br>until Usagi was practically on top of her.  
><br> "Konnichiwa," Usagi greeted, sitting down beside Ami on the  
grass.  
>She gestured to her books beside her. "Studying?"<br>  
> "Hmm," Ami answered, her eyes focusing on goodness knows what.<br>  
  
> Usagi cut to the chase. She laid a hand on her friend's  
shoulder.<br>"What's wrong, Ami-chan?"  
><br> Ami turned and looked at her then, a small smile appearing on  
her  
>face. She sighed. "I don't know how to tell you this,  
Usagi-chan,"<br>  
> "Try me," Usagi said.<br>  
> "Well," Ami began, but stopped. She gazed at Usagi and  
frowned<br>slightly. "Are you a virgin, Usagi-chan?"  
><br> Usagi blushed bright red. "W-Wow! That's a personal question if  
I  
>ever heard one!"<br>  
> Ami blushed in turn. "I'm sorry. I just wanted to know--"<br>  
> "No," Usagi interrupted. "I mean, I'm not. I mean, I used to  
be,<br>but now I'm not," She smiled at Ami.  
><br> Ami blinked. "Was it with Mamoru-san?"  
><br> Usagi turned a darker shade of red. "Um, yeah."  
><br> Ami shook her head. "I shouldn't pry. It is personal anyway. I  
  
>was just wondering..."<br>  
> "Ami-chan!" Usagi said in a stage whisper. "Are you trying to  
tell<br>me something? Are you saying--" She paused for effect. "That  
you're  
>no longer a virgin?"<br>  
> Ami blushed again. "No! I mean, I still am one," She stopped<br>and  
looked down. "But I might not be one anymore in a few days."

><br> "What do you mean?" Usagi said, her eyes going wide.  
><br> "Well, you see," Ami began, feeling embarrassed. "There's this  
>guy who always comes over to the library where I work. He told  
me<br>that if he beats me in a chess game, I would have to go out  
with him.  
>And yesterday, during a game, I said that I would--" Ami took a  
deep<br>breath. "--that I would sleep with him if he won. And guess  
what?"  
><br> Usagi answered for her. "He won," she said softly.  
><br> "Yeah," Ami said. "I was sleepy. I was careless. I was stupid."  
  
><br> Usagi rubbed her friend's shoulder. "It's not that bad."  
  
><br> "It is bad!" Ami exclaimed. "I mean, I don't even like this  
>guy!"<br>  
> "You don't?" Usagi said, surprised. "Then why did you play<br>along  
with him?"  
><br> Ami stopped. Yeah, why did she go along with him? She wasn't  
  
>sure. But Ami said the first thing that came to her mind.  
"Because<br>I didn't think he could beat me," she said carefully.  
  
><br> "I guess you can't convince him not to sleep with you?" Usagi  
  
>asked helpfully.<br>  
> Ami sighed. "I've thought of it. He wouldn't even budge. I<br>mean,  
he's been trying to get into my pants for the past half-year."  
  
><br> Usagi nodded, impressed. "He must really like you."  
><br> "Well, it isn't exactly mutual," Ami mumbled.  
><br> "Then," Usagi said, perking up suddenly. "The only thing you  
  
>can do is to just do it!"<br>  
> Ami stared at her friend as if she was mad. "Are you mad?"<br>  
> "No," Usagi said with exaggerated patience. "I mean, how is<br>he,  
really? He isn't exactly a violent person, right? And from  
>the way you've been talking about him, I don't think he's all  
that<br>bad. Come on, how bad can it be?"  
><br> Ami shook her head. She wanted to say that not everyone was  
like  
>Mamoru-san, but decided not to. "I wasn't telling you about  
him.<br>How would you know if he's a good person or not?"  
><br> "You tell me," Usagi said. "You've known him for some time now.  
  
>I think you'd better think about it longer."<br>  
> Ami paused. Usagi had a point. Shigure wasn't a bad person,<br>he  
was just another person who annoyed her. But even with his  
>bad table manners, he had good looks which somehow can make him  
look<br>far intelligent than he really is. Shigure wasn't stupid; he  
had all  
>A's and B's in all his subjects. It's just the fact that she  
was<br>smarter than him that bothered her, a great deal.  
><br> She had to stop thinking that way.  
><br> Maybe there's more to Shigure than meets the eye.  
> <br>\*\*\*\*\*  
><br> It was Wednesday. It was Judgement Day. It was THE DAY. Ami was  
  
>nervous, which was obvious even to Miss Winters. But she

didn't<br>tell anyone, except for Usagi. Somehow the idea of telling everyone

>that she was going to lose her virginity tonight because she had<br>practically offered herself didn't appeal to her. She wanted to keep

>it a secret, if possible, forever.<br>

> Of course, she couldn't be sure that Shigure would shut up.<br>

> He showed up at the library at exactly 8.00 p.m. To his credit,<br>he was always punctual, one of the few good traits that she appreciated

>in him. As he led her to his car (which looked like it was rented), Ami<br>decided to strike up a conversation. He didn't say much to her, except

>to say that she smelled great. Some things never change.<br>

> "You look different tonight," she spoke up, letting Shigure open<br>the front passenger door for her. He was being especially polite tonight.

>She couldn't blame him. <br>

> He smiled as she climbed into the Ford. The interior looked new.<br>Ami wondered if this car wasn't rented at all. "You already said that

>just now. I don't think you meant it," He walked briskly to the other<br>side of the car and climbed in behind the wheel.

><br> "I meant it," Ami said sincerely. He DID look different. He had

>combed his hair (with a comb) and he had shaved. He was also dressed<br>in black, which made him look very dashing since his whole appearance

>as a whole, reminded her of some black angel banished from heaven.<br>Ami started. Where did that thought come from?

><br> Seven days earlier she compared him to babies, and now he looked

>like a young god to her.<br>

> Ami wondered what happened to her.<br>

> "Well, thanks," he said, smiling. He looked as though he had<br>flossed as well. Thank goodness for small favours. She didn't think she

>would enjoy it if she tasted his lunch when he kissed her--no, she<br>wouldn't think about that now.

><br> "Is this your own?" she said, referring to the car.

><br> Shigure nodded. "Yep. I just changed the interior a month ago.

>Do you like it?"<br>

> It was interesting, the way he asked as if she liked it. It was<br>almost like he was asking for her approval.

><br> "Yeah," she said, smiling. "It is nice."

><br> He took her to his place. She didn't know he could cook.

>Certainly he spent much of his time stuffing Big Macs in his face so<br>she wondered where he had learnt to cook. Apparently he had worked

>as an intern at some restaurant. She didn't know that. Somehow she<br>was impressed at the idea that this slob actually knew how to cook.

> After dinner (which was wonderful), they took a stroll in a nearby<br>park. Ami believed that she had begun to relax, which was important. She

>found that she was actually enjoying it. They walked towards the lake, <br>which was located at the center of it. Shigure sat on one of the benches,



>and Ami followed suit. The sky was black with many bright dots  
decorating <br>them. They didn't speak for a while.  
><br> Then Shigure spoke. "I don't suppose you know what that is," he  
said,  
>pointing to a particularly bright star.<br>  
> Ami nodded. "I do. That's Venus. I always spend my nights  
studying<br>the sky."  
><br> Shigure cocked his head to the side. "The Girl Genius is into  
  
>astronomy. I didn't know. Maybe I should let you see my  
telescope."<br>  
> Ami's eyes widened. "Do you mean that?"<br>  
> "Of course," Shigure shrugged, as if it was no big deal. "I  
got<br>it from an uncle as a present."  
><br> Ami shook her head. "I didn't know that."  
><br> "There's much about me that you don't know, Ami,"  
><br> Ami looked at Shigure. There was something about the way he  
said her  
>name that affected her so. And the tone in which he said it. He  
almost <br>sounded--sad. She wondered why.  
><br> "Are you thinking about what I said last week?" Ami asked  
softly,  
>touching his knee.<br>  
> Shigure grinned. "The part when you offered to sleep with me?"<br>  
  
> Ami had to blush. She remembered about the promise she had  
made.<br>"No, not that. When I said that I shouldn't be around you,  
that I could  
>do better, you seemed...upset. Did I make you angry?"<br>  
> He turned away. "Nah. It was just something you would say."<br>  
> Ami bit her lower lip. "I didn't mean it, you know. It just  
slipped<br>out of my mouth." She paused. Shigure still hadn't turn to  
look at her.  
>At that moment, more than anything, she wanted him to look at  
her.<br>She wondered why. "It gets very naughty sometimes, you know."  
  
><br> This time he turned and looked at her. He was grinning. "You're  
  
>very sweet, do you know that?"<br>  
> Ami looked down. "No. You never told me."<br>  
> "Ami, I tell you every week how much I wanted to take your  
clothes<br>off," he answered.  
><br> "But that was just talk. It was just something you would say,"  
Ami  
>said, repeating what he had said earlier. "Besides, me being  
sweet<br>is so much more different than me being desired."  
><br> He was amused. "Do you think that, Ami? That I desire you?"  
  
><br> Ami blushed.  
><br> "I have to admit that I like you very much," he confessed.  
"Much  
>more than I would usually do. You are different from other girls,  
Ami.<br>There's something about you that turns me on. And I intend to  
find  
>out."<br>  
> "Can you please not speak that way?" Ami said nervously.<br>  
> He laughed. "Am I making you nervous, Ami?" He leaned closer  
to<br>her and she felt his warm breath on her face. He lowered his  
voice.  
>"You still have that promise to keep, you know."<br>

> Ami gulped. This was it. She was going to close her eyes and  
<br>wake up in the morning like she always do, but minus her innocence.  
>They were going to do it, probably right here. But she still didn't  
<br>know whether she would enjoy it. She was very confused as of then.  
><br> "I'm going to kiss you, so don't slap me, all right?" Shigure  
  
>said. Ami nodded, her eyes wide with fear.<br>  
> He kissed her. She didn't know what to do. She had never been  
<br>kissed before. She assumed that she was doing all right cause he  
>didn't complain. She must have kissed back. She wasn't sure. She wasn't  
<br>even sure how long they were at it. God, he was so warm, she didn't  
>think she could handle--<br>  
> Shigure pulled back suddenly, his eyes going left and then  
<br>right. He had heard something, Ami realised. She strained her ears,  
>trying to listen to something, but failed. She pulled at Shigure's  
<br>sleeve. "What is it?" she whispered, afraid.  
><br> Shigure stood, his senses very alert. He didn't get to answer.  
  
>Something moved in the bushes behind them and pounced on Shigure.<br>  
>Ami fell back from the bench trying to get out of the way. In the  
>semi-darkness she could make out Shigure struggling with what appeared  
<br>to be a--dog? Whose dog was prowling the streets at nights like this?  
>It must be a stray. She could make out Shigure trying to push the  
<br>dog away, muttering words under his breath she had never even known  
>existed.<br>  
> In her fear, she whistled. She also had a dog and would always  
<br>whistle if it got out of hand. She didn't think it would work, not  
>on other dogs, but much to her amazement and puzzlement, it worked!  
<br>The dog stopped rolling around with Shigure and trotted to her,  
>its tail wagging happily behind it.<br>  
> Ami almost fainted. It was HER dog.<br>  
> How did it come loose?<br>  
> "Rover," she crooned, rubbing the canine's fur. It must have  
<br>somehow gotten loose and had traced her here. Rover had never liked  
>strangers, and had probably attacked Shigure thinking that she  
<br>needed protection.  
><br> Good dog.  
><br> "Is that yours?" Shigure called from her back. She nodded.  
  
><br> "Yeah. I got him from an uncle as a present."  
><br> "Nice doggie," he said dryly. Ami walked over to him and helped  
  
>him up. "He must have thought that you were attacking me. He doesn't  
<br>really like guys, especially the ones he doesn't know. He is very  
>possessive of me," Ami said, smiling.<br>  
> "I can see that," Shigure mumbled. He had dog hair all over him.<br>  
>Ami was sorry for him, but was also kinda glad. Her destiny was

>delayed because of Rover. She wasn't exactly mad.<br>  
> But when he drove them to her house and not to his, she began<br>to get worried. Rover was sitting quietly at the backseat. Shigure

>walked her to her door, stopping only at the front door when she<br>reached into her bag for her keys. She hoped that he wasn't planning  
>to stay at her house tonight. Her mother might come home any minute<br>and might not like him.  
><br> She was even more surprised when Shigure declined her offer

>to come in. Why was he acting this way? Was it because of her dog?<br>Was it because he stank of her dog? Or was it because SHE stank of  
>her dog? Her fear was replaced with anxiety. She had been preparing<br>herself for the inevitable, but somehow things weren't going the way  
>she thought it would be. <br>  
> "Are you sure you don't want to come in for coffee?" she asked  
<br>again, inserting the key into the key-hole. "I make good coffee."

><br> "I'm sure you do," Shigure said softly. He backed up a step.

>"Well, good night. I see you around, okay? I don't think we'll be<br>seeing a lot of each other now that I won. I'll keep in touch." He  
>turned around and began to walk to his car.<br>  
> Ami was surprised. She left her keys in the hole and followed<br>him. "Where are you going?"  
><br> "Home. Bed. Sleep," he answered, not even turning to look at

>her. "It's late, Ami. You shouldn't be out here alone."<br>  
> Ami paused. "I've got you here with me."<br>  
> He stopped in front of his car and turned. "You hardly know<br>me."

><br> Ami sighed. "I still have my promise to keep."  
><br> He waved her remark away. "Nah, that's okay. I know you've  
>never done it."<br>  
> She was surprised. She believed her jaw actually dropped to<br>the ground. "How do you know?" she demanded.  
><br> He was nonchalant. "The way you walk. The way you talk."  
>He smiled at her. "It shows."<br>  
> She was curious, and mad. "What's wrong with the way I walk?"<br>she almost yelled.  
><br> He sighed and turned away. "Good night."  
><br> "Wait!" Ami said, catching his shoulder. She had to know.

>"Is it something I did?" she said, her heart jumping in her chest.<br>"Is that why you don't want to sleep with me?"  
><br> Shigure held her shoulders. "No, it was nothing that you did.

>That's not why I refused your offer. You made it out of jest, you<br>didn't even want it to happen. I'm not stupid. I'm perceptive,

>that's what. And I want to be the last person to rob you of your<br>innocence."  
><br> Ami shook her head. "Is there something wrong with me?

>Physically? Is it because the upper portion of my body is not

as  
big as other girls'? Is that it?"  
><br> Shigure laughed. "Stop that. You sound ridiculous."  
><br> "But is it?" Ami demanded.  
><br> Shigure looked over her quickly. "You look fine," he said,  
  
>slightly embarrassed.<br>  
> Ami found herself blushing. "Fine? Just fine? Toasted bread<br>with jam is fine. What do you mean, fine?"  
><br> "All right, Ami, you look so damn sexy I wanna take you  
>here right now," Shigure said.<br>  
> "You're lying," Ami muttered.<br>  
> "There you go saying I'm lying again. Why won't you believe<br>me when I said that you look fine?" Shigure said.  
><br> Ami shook her head. "I don't know what to believe anymore."  
  
><br> She was surprised when Shigure took her into his arms and  
  
>held her close to his body. She rested her head against his chest.<br>"Ami, believe me when I say that I still do want to take your  
>clothes off. But I just think that I should give you more time."<br>  
  
> Ami chuckled. "You shouldn't talk that way, you know."<br>  
> Shigure held her at an arm's length. "I like you, I really<br>do. I don't know, but my feelings might go even deeper than just  
>'I like you'. But whatever it is, I know you are not ready.<br>You need time. And I intend on giving you that. It's the least I can  
  
>do."<br>  
> Ami looked up at him. He sounded so wise. "Do you really<br>mean that?"  
><br> "Yes, Ami."  
><br> A pause ensued. Then... "Are you sure it's not because of  
>my hips?"<br>  
> "Ami," Shigure warned.<br>  
> "Sorry."<br>  
> He kissed her before he left. He gave her one of those<br>stupid smiles again. "Remember, Ami, about your promise. I'll come  
>back one day, to make sure you keep it. Be sure that I  
will.<br>You'd better not be fooling around with anybody else, you hear?"  
><br> It was too much for Ami. He sounded like a father who was  
  
>scolding his daughter for eating too many Popsicles. "Roger, sir,"<br>she joked.  
><br> He climbed into his car and rolled down the window. He reached  
  
>out and caressed her cheek. "You're very sweet, you know that?" he<br>said softly.  
><br> "I know," Ami said, nodding. "You told me."  
><br> "'Bye, Ami. See ya around."  
><br> "'Bye."  
><br> She woke up the next day still a virgin.  
><br> I guess this is the end?  
><br>\*\*\*\*\*10/12/1999  
><br>Author's notes: I know, this is a weird story, but I just had to have it  
>typed out. I wanna see if any of you share my feelings on this story.<br>  
><br>

><br>

End  
file.